1489. d. 35.

A

POEM

Sacred to the Memory of her late MAJESTY,

CAROLINE,

Queen Conſort of *Great-Britain.*

By a GENTLEMAN of *Exeter.*

----- *Qualis Berecynthia mater,*
Læta Deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
Omnes Cælicolas, omnes ſupera alta tenentes.

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A
BOOK
OF
CAROLINE
MEMORIALS

Queen Consort of Great Britain.

By Charles Bertram.

Entered at Stationers' Hall.

Printed for S. Burt, at Ann-Boleyn's Head, in Yarmouth.

To the Memory of Her late MAJESTY.

LET ſolemn Grief in ev'ry Face appear;
Heave the deep Sigh, and drop the ſilent Tear:
Mourn ev'ry Muſe, to *Albion*'s utmoſt Shore,
For HER, who never caus'd a Tear before —
— Unleſs, when at Her Feet young Monarchs ſigh'd,
And *Crowns Imperial* ſought the Royal Bride.
Ev'n I, who hardly feel the Poet's Fires,
Whom not Ambition, nor fair Fame inſpires,
When ſuch the Theme, attempt the Plaintive Strain,
And mourn in Concert with the tuneful Train.
Artleſs the Numbers, but ſincere the Lays,
Which ſpeak our Grief, and CAROLINA's Praiſe:
Our Notes as Loyal on fair *Iſca*'s Streams;
Tho' not ſo Tuneful, as the Swans of *Thames*.

Thy Mind, not dazled by the Pomp of State,
Look'd down with ſcorn, on what the World calls Great:
Diſtinguiſh'd early for a Zeal for Truth,
Europe admir'd the *Heroine* in Youth;

Beheld Religion all its Pow'r display,
Ambition vanquish'd, and Imperial Sway;
When the Proud *Auſtrian* own'd Thy Potent Reign,
And with his Hundred Titles charm'd in vain.

Happy the Prince, for whom the Pow'rs deſign
A Mind ſo Royal, and ſuch Charms divine!
Happy the Land, whom Heav'n ordains to own
HIS Sway, and THEE the Conſort of His Throne!
This Bliſs, O *Brunſwick*, was reſerv'd for Thee,
And This fair Iſle, the Seat of Liberty!

When now at length the deſtin'd Hour was come;
And *Albion*'s Tribute paid at *Anna*'s Tomb;
The *Heroe* landed on the *Britiſh* Shore,
Deſign'd by Heav'n our Freedom to reſtore:
What Nations throng to view th' Illuſtrious Pair!
The valiant Conſort, and the blooming Fair!
What Shouts applauding rend the echoing Skies!
How do they gaze, and feaſt their raviſh'd Eyes!
Charm'd at firſt View, and Loyal by Surprize!

Britain renown'd for Beauty, as for Arms,
Confeſs'd ſuperior, and diviner Charms;
Saw at her Courts her matchleſs Nymphs outſhone;
And envy'd not — For now They were our own.

We trac'd the Ancient *Saxon* in Thy Face,
And own'd the Beauties of Thy Kindred Race.
Yet what are Theſe, but Roſes of a Day,
Which ſweetly bloom, and in a Night decay!
By Learning poliſh'd, and by Arts refin'd,
You court the Nobler Beauties of the Mind!
In various Knowledge wiſe, we learn from Thee,
What Prieſts ſhould preach, and what the World ſhould be.

O! form'd to awe and pleaſe in ev'ry Scene!
To drop the Pomp, and yet preſerve the Queen!
Tho' bred in Courts, to Crowns and Empire born,
You ſmil'd on Arts, Yourſelf did moſt adorn.
When tir'd with State, in *Richmond's* Royal Bow'r,
To Learning ſacred, and the Thoughtful Hour,
Sometimes you deign'd to greet the hoary Sage,
T'explore his Wiſdom, or inſtruct his Age:
Your deep Remarks his Soul with Rapture fir'd,
And he grew wiſer, as he more admir'd!

O Bleſt with Temper! Chearful and Serene!
A Lively Wit, with no Ill-natur'd Spleen!
A Heart to pity all, who felt Diſtreſs!
Born for the World, and all Mankind to bleſs!

No haughty Air deform'd that Lovely Face,
Where Sweetneſs reign'd, and ev'ry Smiling Grace:
Courteous and Affable to all below!
Pride never loſt a Friend, nor made a Foe.

Thy Feet the conſtant Paths of Virtue trod;
True to Thy Royal Conſort, and Thy God.
That holy Zeal, which ſhot ſo bright a Ray,
And gilded the fair Morning of Thy Day;
A Temperate Zeal, from Superſtition free;
A Foe to Licence, as to Bigottry;
Strong without Heat, and Unbecoming Rage;
Glow'd in Thy pious Breaſt, and warm'd in Age.
How from Thy Preſence did the Impious run;
As Shades diſperſe before th' approaching Sun!
Vice hid its hated Head, o'eraw'd by Thee,
And bluſh'd to view its own Deformity!
Baniſh'd Thy Courts, Profaneneſs dar'd no more
T' exalt its Creſt, but ſought th' infernal Shore.
Religion hop'd it's Ancient Pow'r to gain,
And Truth once more in *Britiſh* Breaſts to reign:
Our Youth began to ſearch the Sacred Page,
To drop their wonted Scorn, and Impious Rage:
The ſerious Moral, and the Lay ſevere,
Were hear'd once more, and charm'd th' attentive Ear.

Won

Won by Thy Life, and by Example fir'd,
The *Britiſh* Nymphs to Nobler Charms aſpir'd!
They ſaw how Glorious Virtue on a Throne;
Tranſcrib'd the Image, which ſo Lovely ſhone;
At length reſolv'd to merit Real Praiſe;
And win the Heart by more engaging Ways.

Whether in Public, or Domeſtic Life;
The Queen, the Miſtreſs; Parent, or the Wife;
Read all the Annals of the World before;
None e'er was lov'd, none e'er lamented more!
Like Great *Eliza*, form'd for higher Things;
To ſit in Councils, and conſult with Kings:
Like *Mary*, bleſs'd with ev'ry ſofter Charm;
Like *Anna*, mild; and in Devotion warm:
But far more Happy in Thy num'rous Line!
Each Son an Heroe! and each Nymph Divine!

As when the Bird, who builds the Spicy Neſt,
And ſpoils *Arabia*, and the fragrant Eaſt;
Her deſtin'd Period run, grows ſick and dies;
And in ſweet Clouds of Incenſe mounts the Skies;
Another Phœnix from it's Aſhes ſprings,
Wakes into Life, and claps it's Purple Wings:
So here, reflected in Thy Royal Race,
Each Charm ſurvives, and blooms anew each Grace.

But

But not by *One alone* you ſtand expreſs'd:
A Glorious Train! and Each Thyſelf confeſs'd!
Form'd by Thy Hand, and poliſh'd by Thy Art,
To win the Soul, or to engage the Heart:
In Courts a nice and prudent Courſe to ſteer,
'Twixt Grave and Gay, the Lively and Severe!

But oh! what Bard with holy Raptures fir'd,
Can Sing Thoſe Moments, when the Saint expir'd!
The Sacred Rites perform'd, the Faith confeſt,
The Hope declar'd, the Charity expreſt!
The Parting Farewel ſpoke, the Laſt Adieu!
And Heav'n and Bliſs juſt op'ning to the View!
She felt, but not repin'd, tho' rackt with Pain;
She ſaw Her Danger, in the Penſive Train,
Unmov'd — 'till She beheld Her Monarch's Care —
Then ſigh'd — And only felt a Weakneſs There.
She ſaw the King of Terrors ſhake his Dart;
She ſaw — But felt no Anguiſh at Her Heart:
Calm and Serene reſign'd Her parting Breath;
And gently met the Stroke of threat'ning Death.

O! Where! tranſported to the Realms above!
The Seats of Bliſs! Where does Thy Spirit rove!
A Seraph now, in ſome more bleſt Abode,
Doſt Thou ſurvey the glorious Works of God?

With Bards, who ſung their Great Creator's Praiſe,
In Hymns divine, and more than mortal Lays:
With pious Sages, who ſublimely thought;
And holy Prieſts, who ſacred Morals taught:
Thoſe glorious Sons of Light, to whom we owe
Darkneſs diſpel'd, and Error clear'd below!
Here *Addiſon*, (who ſung Thy earlieſt Praiſe)
Crown'd with freſh Laurels, and Immortal Bays,
To Heav'nly Themes attunes th' harmonious Lyre;
Warm'd with new Rage, and more Celeſtial Fire!
Newton and *Boyle* Thy Social Spirit join,
Prepar'd to ſpeak of Subjects more divine:
Sweet *Woollaſton* appears amidſt the Throng,
With Angels liſt'ning to his Moral Song.

O! if the Sighs and Tears of Mortals here,
Can reach Thy Ears, or claim one Moment's Care;
Look down on *Britain* from the Realms of Day;
Whilſt grateful Nations the Laſt Honours pay.

See where, ſurrounded by the Royal Train,
Thy own AUGUSTUS, on the gloomy Plain,
In all the Majeſty of Grief appears;
Sighs with their Sighs, and mingles Tears with Tears;
Now feels the Real Burthen of a Crown,
And in the Public Loſs laments His own.

Thoſe Pledges of your Loves recall to view
The ſilent Joys, which None could give, but You.
Whilſt They with filial Sighs His Sighs return,
And grieve the more, to ſee the Monarch mourn:
He mourns, (what Heav'n to Monarchs ſeldom lends,)
The Beſt of Wives, of Counſellors, and Friends!
They mourn a Parent's Loſs, for ever Dear,
In Counſel Prudent, as in Love Sincere!

Who now ſhall form, what yet remains of Youth,
And lead Them thro' the Mazy Paths of Truth?
Thy bright Example ſhed a Lively Ray;
At once diſcover'd, and adorn'd the Way.

But chiefly Two, diſtinguiſh'd o'er the Reſt;
Careſs'd by all, and in each other Bleſt!
A Happy Pair! (Whom future Bards ſhall tell,
How long They liv'd in Love, and reign'd how well!
The Nation's Other Hopes, when Time ſhall be;
In whom They promiſe, what They've loſt in Thee)
A real unaffected Sorrow ſhow;
And Witneſs to the World, no vulgar Woe.

So Two fair Poplars, on the Banks of *Po*,
In ſilent Grief weep o'er the Flood below;

180. *See the Story of Phaeton's Siſters. Ovid Metam. B. the 2d.*

With

With Amber Tears bedew their Brother's Grave,
And with the precious Drops enrich the Wave.
Glide ſoftly, *Thames*, nor dare to laſh the Shore;
Stir not Thy Waves, nor in hoarſe Murmurs roar;
Bid all thy Swans in dying Notes complain,
And ſooth Them with their melancholy Strain.

Bleſt in Thy Life! Belov'd in ev'ry Scene!
Admir'd a PRINCESS, and ador'd a QUEEN!
Britannia felt Thy mild indulgent Sway;
Whene'er You rul'd, Ambitious to obey:
The Monarch's Abſence with leſs Anguiſh mourn'd;
And hardly found the Change, when He return'd.
Thee with united Voice Three Kingdoms own,
The *Guardian* Angel of the *Britiſh* Throne;
And in Thy Death preſage Their own ſad Doom,
Reſerv'd, perhaps, for mightier Woes to come.

Albion reclines, and hangs Her drooping Head;
Her Glory loſt, and ancient Splendor fled:
Extinct That Spirit, which inflam'd its Youth
With Zeal for Liberty, and Sacred Truth:
Which taught th'Oppreſs'd to riſe; the Proud to bend,
And dread the Foe, or court the Gen'rous Friend:

185. *Ibid. in Alluſion to the Fable of* Cygnus.

Which

Which Terror ſtruck in ev'ry diſtant Shore;
Soon as it hear'd the *Britiſh* Thunder roar.

O! may She never feel the Loſs, we mourn;
Nor vent new Sorrows o'er Thy Sacred Urn;
Her *Genius* dead, and half her Sons affraid!
By Foes inſulted, and by Friends betray'd!

But Ceaſe — I hear the *Britiſh* Lion roar;
And Joyful Shouts reſound from Shore to Shore.
I ſee at length the Monarch's Anger riſe,
Rouz'd up to Vengeance by the Merchants Cries.
Each true-born Heart with gen'rous Ardor beats;
And willing Sailors croud, to man our Fleets;
T' aſſert our Native Empire o'er the Main;
And curb the Haughty Inſolence of *Spain*.
Now ſhall fair Glory riſe with all its Charms;
And Grief a while be drown'd in War's Alarms.

F I N I S.